



IVY LEAVES

1995-1996

Anderson College Art & Literary Magazine



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Character Analysis

The Lord's presence is like a great tranquil water—
smooth and perfect—kind and warm

Like a soft, light slumber that leaves you refreshed
and renewed

I see the Lord in many things—
like a thundering waterfall
and in the swiftness of a graceful deer

His majesty I see in the trumpeter swan
and His love I see in the young animals—
trusting in their mother—happy and carefree—
simple

His tenderness in a new soft flower
and in the gentle rocking autumn leaves

His purity in the new fallen snow—

But most of all I see the Lord in the honest,
open smile of a child that shines out in perfect love

I will take this precious moment the Lord has given me
This day, with love—

—Sharon Rose Feldor

Shatterings

"Saudi Arabia's not so far," I soothed
in my sympathetic mother-voice.
"Daddy will be home for Christmas."
She shook her head. "No, he won't."
Her eyes pierced mine,
the eyes of the hamster I forgot
to feed when the science project ended.
She hung a glass snowflake on the tree,
then flung it to the hardwood floor.
I wished I had a cosmic Band-Aid.

Once I snatched my brother's Yankee
baseball cap—the one he prized and slept in—
dangled it out the window of the car.
The sixty-mile-an-hour wind swept
it from my fingers, sailed
it over Burma Shave signs behind us. "Oops!"
I said. My brother's lower lip trembled
like the day I told him, "You're too little
to play with Jean and me." We shut the door.
He banged his head until the glass pane shattered.

—Marion Harvey Carroll

The Healer

Years can turn a well-worn page.
But can pain opaque eclipse your name?
Stained-glass joy goes brown with age,
But can a fire forget its flame?

Can pain opaque eclipse your name?
When broken dreams become obsolete,
Can a fire forget its flame?
Yesterday's news blows down the street.

As broken dreams become obsolete,
A night breeze stirs our lonely swing,
Yesterday's news blows down the street,
I hold at bay the poison sting.

A night breeze stirs a empty swing.
Years have turned a well-worn page,
Released the pain of poison sting.
Our stained-glass joy, gone brown with age.

There is no pain. Yet I hear your name,
And the fire will never forget this flame.

—Claudia Simpson

The Death of Allmen

"Long and squared and made from a tall white pine
Was the crate in which he now restfully reclines.
Function before fashion was always a rule,
For the man who lies here was a simple fool.

He was quick with a smile and a wit like a fox,
Nothing fancy would do for the man in this box.
Allmen was the name of this plain old man
Who grabbed hold of life with his two leathery hands.

He survived with sense which was common to no other
And walked deep in the wild, no beast dared to bother.
He is not a man who lived or ever died,
But is the one who dwells as a whole inside.

I know him so well, he is me as a child,
But only grew as an idea never realizing I'd piled
All the strain of duty atop of this specter
And now I mourn the loss of its life giving nectar."

—Bert Boan

Grandmother's...

(dedicated to Mary Ellen Tysinger)

I went there yesterday—
to the place that you loved so well.
It was still pretty. The sunlight
filtered through the trees
dappled the clear water with gold,
cut through the translucent liquid
that spilled over the boulders
before tumbling into the
shallow pool below. The water
flowed on, unchecked now by
the dam we had built.

The rocks lay scattered
along the creekbed.
The fortified wall, now
crumbled debris.
I told the others that we would
have to rebuild what the storm
destroyed. They didn't seem to care.
Unfamiliar children's laughter
bounced off the rocks and insects
scurried to hide.

I trudged back to the house
stopping to relieve the
overflowing mailbox of its load—
a stack of cards poured out.
Cards sent by people who
did not even know me,
whom I would never even meet
in an effort to display
some sort of meaningless sympathy—
as if mere words could offer comfort.

729 Rocky Bottom Rd.
Sunset, S.C.
the envelopes all read.
I gave out your address
last week to countless
people—people who loved you
but did not know it.
Your address permanently
engraved in my mind—
I never could remember it
until now.

—Mary Nell Tysinger

Julia de Venecia, 1981-1995

Young lovers out of time—
we clasped our hands and walked
by olive trees and fields
of sheep like sacks of snow
to where the river falls

upon the rocks. The quilt
of hills below us spread
to Don Quijote's windmills.
We spoke our vows,
then leaped

to healing waters.
No lloreis por mi, mis padres—
how could you know
young love would last
forever if denied?

—Marion Harvey Carroll

Poultry Writing Blues

I've tried so hard to write in verse,
Instead of better, I'm getting worse.

I once thought that I could write.
Now my work's best read at night.

But to me the most disgusting part;
I have no talent for this art.

—John Woodson

Life has not
passed it by.

My guitar
waits
quietly
to play.
A spirit
within
it
beats.

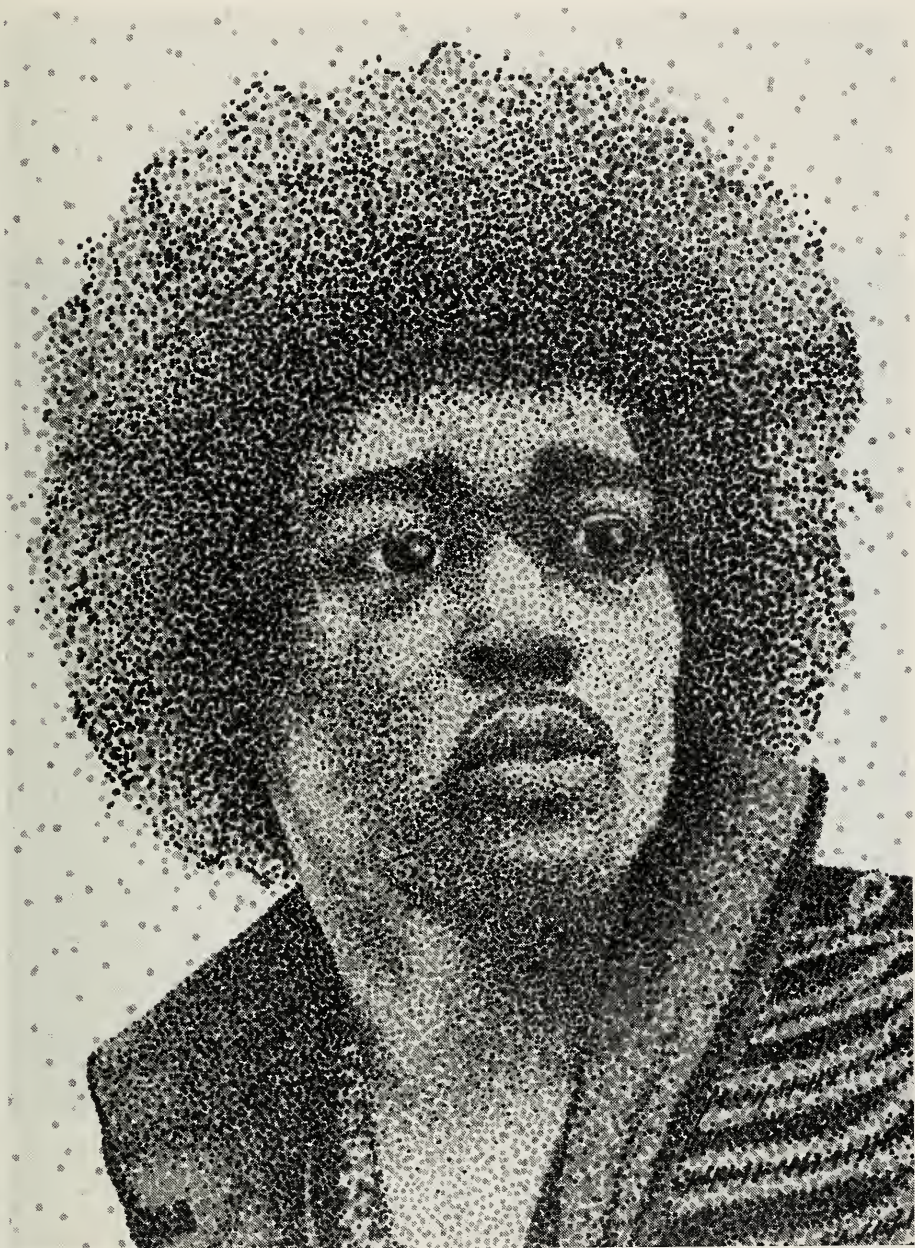
I wish—I wish
to wait inside, to wait
for creation, to be there
when inspiration is born.

“I knew if I had my
chance I could

make those people
dance. . .” Strings

strong with energy. Its neck
expects caressing. My guitar
waits to play. Like Solomon’s
lover, made brown by the sun,
Passion is bound inside,
The touch of a lover it
all it takes.

—Bert Boan



Jon Martin

Color Markers



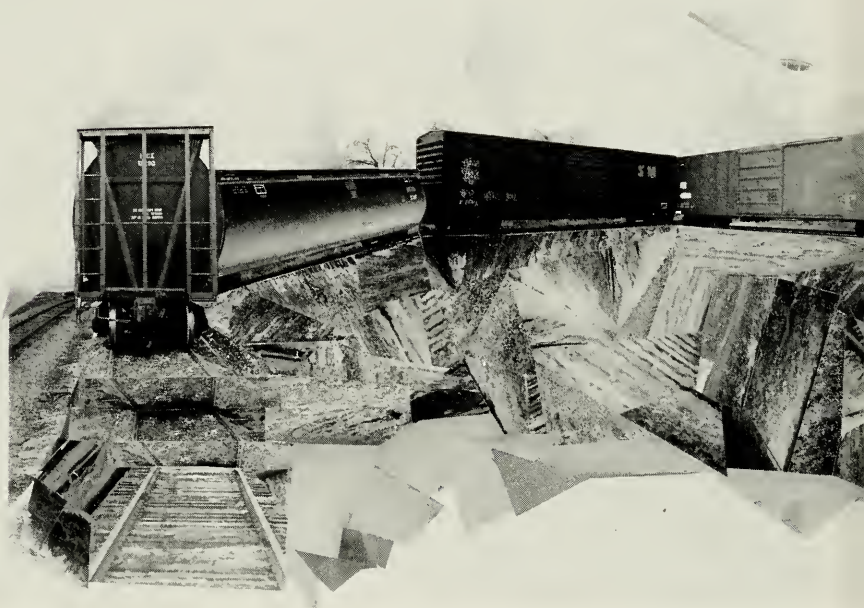
Jon Martin

Colored Pencils



Denise Barnett

Mixed Media



Tiffany Clark



Photo Collage



Jeremy Shirley

Collage



Darren Rambo

Photograph



Julie Banker

Oil On Canvas

Piety

I've never done anything wrong
No larceny of grand or petty scale,
The car and stereo are on extended loan.
Never a murder or act of malice,
Although, "I've read some obits. with great pleasure."
My 'A' on that test? It was not my fault,
Ms. Adams's to blame for leaving it in the
Middle drawer.
I've never done anything so wrong.

All joking aside, my sins are a friend.
Without them there'd be no place to hide.
Why should I be the perfect one?
We all know right from wrong and the price thereof.
But what keeps me so low in the ranks,
Without remorse how can I rise again?
I told my father I hate him—
I've never done anything so wrong.

—Bert Boan

Au Revoir

Our feet dangle above the ocean waters
as we watch the distant seas absorb the hesitant sun.
Your fingers hold on to mine,
on this last moment that you'll be by my side.

Salty drops blind us from the whispering tides;
ripples form over the reflections that stare back at us.
Choking breaths try hard to hold the feelings
that inebriate us in this desolate time.

The rays reach out our ways,
promising safe trails ahead.
The breeze blows our hair in waves,
breaking our tears with its blaze.

In a daze we gaze at us drifting apart;
weeping souls rise and fly despite the cries.
Our fingers slide loose, leaving each other behind—
the time has come: this is our last good-bye.

Many steps are left in the sand,
marking the leaps our lives made towards the fire afar.
Bloody tears wash us inside—
we feel the imprints of all our times branding our hearts.

Understand,
departure has arrived. . .
Spirits floating, sinking into the deep horizon. . .
Casting shadows on the past.

—Martha T. Diaz

Love And Dollar Pitchers

The jukebox waits in the corner.
She winks at me from the bar:
Her eyes say come and join her—
I rise and head for my car.

She winks at me from the bar,
Gold teeth gleaming through her smile.
I rise and head for my car,
She licks her lips all the while.

Gold teeth gleaming through her smile,
She cuts me off at the door.
She licks her lips all the while,
I'm dragged to the dance floor.

She cuts me off at the door
And begins the Achey-Break:
I'm dragged to the dance floor—
And she's begging, "Baby, take me!"

She begins the Achey-Break:
Her eyes say come and join her.
She's begging, "Baby, take me!"
The jukebox waits in the corner.

—Bert Boan

Two Haiku

Dew ensnares the grass,
spreading its net of diamonds
beneath the gold sun.

Sunlight sprays from cloud;
horses prance to silent strains
of unheard music.

—Marion Harvey Carroll

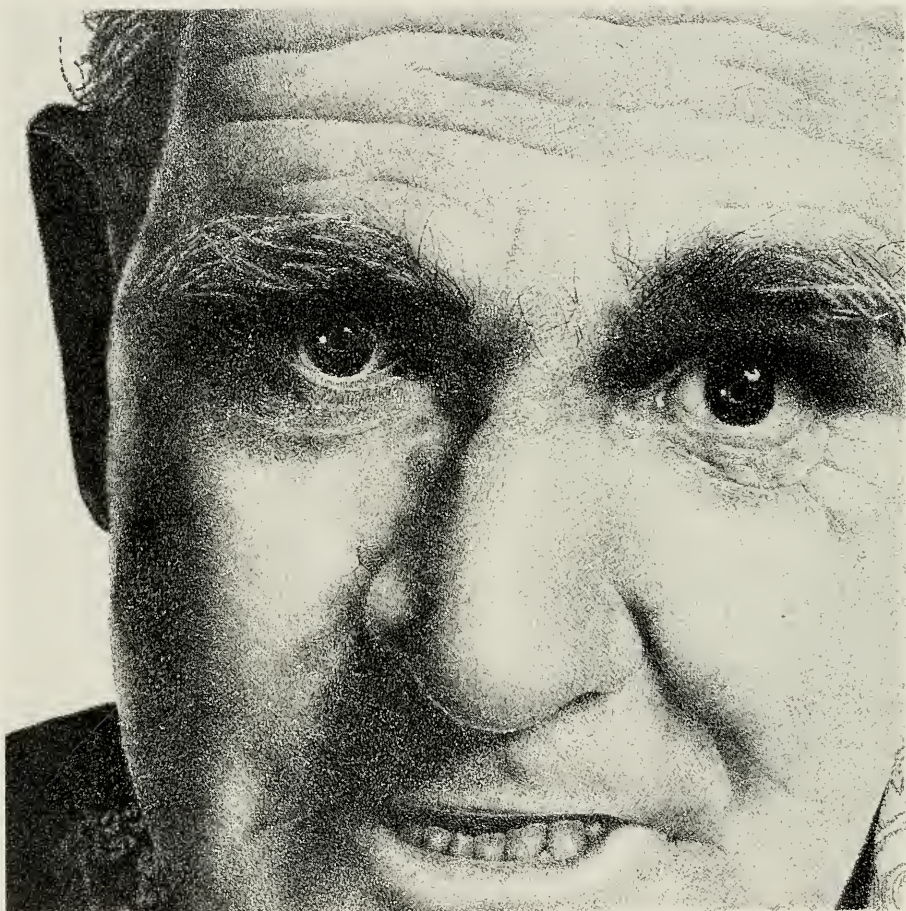
Friendship's Fire

Like frost in the morning sun,
years have come and gone
since those winter days of
concrete hills, snow, and youth.
I find Distance visits silently
and waits days before announcing
his stay. Casting false eyes,
he removes slowly friendship's fire.

You were amazed that I
came that clear December night,
when marriage vows broke old
childhood's hold and made you
a man before your time.
In a rice-strewn parking lot,
I thought guilt ran unfrozen
as we shook estranged hands.

And returning home to walls
thick with mortar, I stood
silent on an empty chair—
my eyes embracing faded photographs
hung careful in framed memoriam.
Perhaps I climb these poetic
rungs to paint amends that
are not there.

—Daryl M. McCard



David Parker

Pen & Ink

1995-96 IVY LEAVES STAFF

Editorial

Mary Nell Tysinger

Sharon Feldor

Daryl McCard

Art and Production

Julie Banker

Kim Elmore

Misty Taylor

Armeal Thompson

Cover Design

Misty Taylor

Faculty Advisors

Wayne Cox

Susan Woofen